HARD RUN CONGRESSMEN

REPRESENTATIVE MILLS AND OTHERS SAY THEY MUST STEP OUT.

The Cost of Living at Washington Increases Far Beyond the Growth of Salaries-How The Congressional Record Was Greatly Brightened Up.

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, Dec. 15 .- Roger Q. Mills, of Texas, has announced his intention to retire from public life at the end of the next congress. I asked Mr. Mills why he was going to retire, and remarked to him that by this time probably sitting in a seat in the house of representatives had become second nature to him, and that in all probability he would never be happy elsewhere. "It is true," replied Mr. Mills, "that I am not fitted for any other employment but that of legislation, but I think I have worked enough in my time, and I am ready to step aside and give some of the younger men a chance. At the close of the next congress I shall have been sitting here for twenty years, and that is a long time. I have decided to quit for the simple reason that I am tired. Visitors to congress think it very easy work for us to sit in our seats, do nothing and draw what appear to be large salaries. They do not think of the hours of work we have to perform after the sessions are at an end. It is a positive fact that I have for the last sixteen or eighteen years sat up almost every night till long after midnight working at my

I have never felt able to hire a secretary, and, at any rate, like the good old fashioned way of writing one's own letters. I have written letters night after night till my wrists and fingers were so stiff it seemed as if I could not move them any more. I have sent out hundreds of letters en in such a crampost and miserable hand that I could not read them myself, and how my correspondents managed to decipher them is more than I can under stand. In addition to the letter writing there is no end of running around the departments to do for one's constituents. court of claims, where I have been busy for two hours searching out the record of a case in which a constituent of mine is in-It is work which he ought to have called on his lawyer to do, but it has ecome the fashion among many people to call on their congressman for all sorts of drudge and errand work in Washington. I am tired of it. I have reached that point in life in which I want to take a rest, and there is no rest for the wicked congress man. Therefore, I shall retire from congrees and go down on my farm in Texas and pass the remainder of my days in

Mr. Mills, who is a man of simple tastes, and whose family is not an expensive one, remarked to me that in all the eighteen years he had passed in the service of his state in the house of representatives he had not been able to save anything from his salary. All he had found it possible to do was to get out about even from one year to another. This reminds me of a talk I had a few days ago with Judge Payson, of Illinois, who was defeated at the last election. Mr. Payson said that just after the elec-tion he was naturally very sorry he was beaten, but that now he was as glad as he could be. "My wife and I have agreed," said be, "that I shall never again stand for an elective office. I am going to retire forever from public life and ote the remainder of my existence to an effort to get as much bappiness out of the world as the world is willing to give Congressional life is a species drudgery which wears a man out, makes him a sort of machine, and renders it impossible for him to enjoy that peace and tentment which go so far to make up a happy existence. Save money out of a congressional salary and lay aside something for a rainy day? That is well nigh impossible. My wife and I live very simply. We have but one child and keep but one servant. The house we live in at Washington is a small one, and we rent but half of it. And yet last year I saved out of my salary as congressman just \$400 That is all. In my judgment there are no a score of members of congress who save anything worth mentioning out of what they are paid for their public work."

I find that the old members of congress are predicting increased salaries for representatives and senators within a few years. The first thing will be to give each memexpense, as the senators now have, and after that will come an increase in pay. The day is coming when the public will see that it is not wise to keep congressmen, who are subjected to so many temptations, on salaries which give them no opportunity to save and make it necessary for them to ske out their incomes in some other way. Previous to 1816 the compensation of mem-bers of congress was only 86 a day, and when a bili was passed in that year to raise the compensation to \$1,500 a session a sum barely sufficient to afford a decent living even in those days, there was a

The whole country was excited and I find in an old newspaper in the congressional library the statement that on ac count of this increase of pay "the nation was shaken to its center, parties were formed and political armies marshaled, and the patriotism of the country was aroused to ebullient indignation at the bare proposition that a member of congress are to take thought for what be should eat and drink, or wherewithal he should be clothed, and the liberties of the country were menaced with destruction when congress ventured to demand the sesaries of life in payment of its thankless services." So great was the feeling that at its next session congress repealed the bill and made the compensation of its members 88 a day, at which rate it stood for mining yours.

But the world moves, and public opinion, though quick to condemn, is as ready of any innovation, and I hope to see the day when these men who do so much faithful work here will be paid therefor accord

A few days ago I made a little discovery concerning the manner in which certain poor senators-for there are senators who are not rich-manage to make both ends meet financially. It is by keeping a best man. A senator's best man must be a good business fellow, a financier, with an eye to the main chance and a good nose for trades and profits. He must also be discreet and faithful. An instance of this may be found the case of a western senator who has had no income for fifteen or twenty years but the salary he has earned as governor of his state, member of congress and senator. This has not sufficed to keep his head shove water, and he has found it necessary to throw into the maw of his ambition a anug little property valued at \$75,000, which he had accumulated at the practice of law before he went into politics. is all gone, and the homestead which he in-

crited from his father is morteness for

Notwithstanding all this excellen he would have been forced to the wall, or to questionable practices, had it not been for his best man. This surround person was a close friend. He was always in the states man's confidence, as he is tellity. The coeres of the governor, of the regrescentative, of the sounter, were his popular. And on coming into pessession of these secrets, or the information which naturally filtered to him in the course of friendly conversation, the best man proceeded to act according as the circumstances indicated. Not a word did he say to his friend, but where there was a piece of property to be bought that promised a big profit, where there was a nice contract to be had, where there was a speculation of any sort to be entered into,

there the best man was generally found. So careful and shrewd was he that a

goodly fortune is now his, and the senator owes him so much money, borrowed at different times without note or interest or the scratch of a pen, that neither of them knows the gross amount and neithe cares. These are debts which will never be oaid, and it was never expected they would be paid. Why, this best man of whom I am speaking actually paid for the enter tainments which his friend gave in the state mansion while governor of the commonwealth which he now represents in the senate. The same financier bought the horses and the carriage which the senat now drives about the capital with. He even pays the rent of the house in which the senator lives. Now, this looks like dis honesty, but it isn't. Of course the best man has made money out of information which has come to him from the senator and from the senator's friends, but he never made a dishonest dollar in his life, and at no time is the statesman a direct party to the transactions. Still, it would tter if the sonator's salary were large enough to remove him from the necessity of standing in with a financiering friend.

The cabinet officers co not as a rule submit very readily to the wiles of the inter-They do not think it proper, exviewer. cept on matters of extreme importance, that they should be quoted in the press as discussing the affairs of the department of which they are the hear. Once in a while, however, this rule is relaxed and the result is a small windfall to the fortunat correspondent who happens to be favored. Mr. Windom, the present secretary of the treasury, is one of the most affable of genbe quoted. He is always good humored and never fails to increet his callers by his conversation, but at the end of the talk he usually says, "Now please do not quote me in print."

There was an exception to this recently, when he was called on by a newspaper man for some information on the financial situation. As usual, he was genial and pleasant, and discussed matters in a perectly free manner; and after a talk of about a half hour the correspondent went on his way rejoicing without having been told not to print the result of the inter-Accordingly the next day it appeared in all the glories of big headlin When the secretary's attention was called to it he submitted with charming grace and said: "I always like to talk to newspaper men. They are interesting conversa-tionalists, but they always want to rush right into print. Now, during the whole of that interview I had it in my mind to ask that correspondent not to quote me,

Senator Paddock has as his private secretary a newspaper man, and from this fact arose a ludierous incident over which Washington is still laughing. The other day the senator had been making a speech in the senate upon the Indian question. On the same day his private secretary had been writing some interviews with certain prominent members of congress on the subject of the senatorial situation in Idaho. The manuscript of the speech was turned over to the private secretary to prepare for publication in The Congressional Record, and when the messenger from the government printing office came for the senator's copy by some mishap the interviews, which were to have gone by wire, got mixed up with the manuscript. The next morning Senator Hour, the great stickler for congressional proprieties, nearly had a fit when he saw included as a part of Senator Pad dock's remarks a series of interviews said to have been personally obtained by himself strongly urging the selection of one candidate for the senatorship from Idaho. It had happened that in Sen ator Paddock's speech he had had occasion to refer to one or two interviews which had been published with some military officer on the Indian situation, and he had remarked, "It has come to this, that whenever one or more of these distinguis gentlemen charged with responsibility in this matter stop over at any city, village, hamlet or crossroads in their peregrins tions they hunt up an interviewer.

The innocent compositor had naturally supposed that the senator had then gone on to give specimens of these interviews, for immediately after this sentence appear the talks which should have been in columns of a western daily. Speaker Reed and Senators Platt, Cullom and Paddock are quoted in support of the Idaho candi-What makes the thing appear more silly is that after presumably hearing these gertlemen express their opinions upon Idaho, Senator Voorbees, who was carrying on the actual debate with Senator Pad dock, remarks gravely, "If the senator is satisfied with that attack upon Gen. Miles, I think Gen. Miles can stand it." The thing as it appears in The Record reads like a farce. It has been suggested, how-ever, that the able editors of The Record ran in those interviews for the purpose of increasing the circulation of their daily. and in order to bring it more upon the plane of the ordinary modern journal. ROBERT GRAVES.

Mr. Wredink (the old bookkeeper)-To day marks my fortisth year of service with

yon, sir.
Mr. Hides—I was aware of it, Mr. Wredink, and I have arranged a little surprise for you. Take this alarm clock, with my best wishes for your continued prompt ness.-Puck.

It Broke His Nerve. Samuel Adams Bean, late of Boston, sat in his cell in a New York prison sentenced to death. He had borne the events of the trial and the sentence with unmoved countenance, but when the chaplain handed aim the newspaper containing the account of his sentence and his eye fell upon the sadline "To Be Electrocuted," he shiver ed, then covered his agonized face with his

hands and wept.

"At last!" murmured the chaplain, and when the prisoner had recovered somewhat his composure, "I am glad," he said, "to find your heart softened and that you realize to some extent your terrible situa-tion and the enormity of your crime."

"Sir," said Samuel Adams Bean, late of ston, "it was not my situation or the enormity of my crime which so unnerved me, but to find the name of Samuel Adams Boan, late of Boston, coupled with such a word as electrocuted. It is a barbarism, sir, that shocked my soul and moved my spirit to its profoundest depths. Pray let us dismiss the subject."-Chicago Times.

DEJECTION.

Stands by the cliffs of the sea,
And hears what the night is singing.
While the sk es in pain some drops of rain
On the drooping head are flinging.

Hearkens the dirge of the pines As they chant their wil i refrain. How they rise and fall and seem to call— Are calling to the main! Hears the voice of the sullen sea As its waves are ceaselessly beating, And + their war as they break on the shore

A requiem song repeating. The hurrying black of the heavens Sinks o'er a wailing sea.

And the winds and the night-no glimmer or light !-

Are sad inexpressibly. Now dwindle the dreams of the morning. Now faint the ambitions of moon, Mid its darkness and style, the roses of life Now languish and sicken and swoon.

Sinks by the cliffs of the sea, And mercy no messenger sendeth, No light from on high: No God in the sky His deathlike agony tendeth.

—Toronto Mail.

AGONY UNDER WATER.

It is fearfully lonesome down under the green waters of the sea-down where the wrecked ships sway this way and that in

obedience to the swell. Do you recall the fate of the screw steamer Wave, which went down on the south coast several years ago? A stanch craft, well manned, heavily loaded, having a large passenger list, she was seen off Beachy Head one June night at midnight during a storm, and that was the last seen of her until the divers dragged and found her, and went down to meet the death stare of the many corpses

It was my job-my job to raise her for her owners if I could, and my task to go down first and meet the sights which might have startled the younger diverswhich startled me.

We found the Wave after a time, resting on the bottom, thirty fathoms down. Few divers like to go over a hundred feet; fewer will go 150, and not half a dozen in the country ever ventured down as deep as 180 feet. It takes a deal of life line and hose when he goes down that far, and it makes the pumps labor and strain to furnish him

I had with me two good divers, but neither would go down until I had first made an exploration. Not a pound of freight, not a single body of the fifty or sixty had been washed on shore, and the divers knew what a sight would meet them

Carefully gathering up my lines I walked past her stern 200 feet to the west, and a huge rock rose up in my path, looking like a mountain. Striking upon this, near the surface, the Wave had staggered along a moment and then plunged down, to be forever hidden from the sight of all but the divers. Walking back I passed clear freight and looked into the huge orifice through which a cab fould have been driven. She would never float again,

With spirits much depressed at the gloomy prospects I walked clear of the vessel, up the incline, found my rope, and in a little time was at the surface again and on board the boat. All the men above were pecuniarily interested, and we held a

afternoon, but at 9 o'clock next morning I was ready to go over the boat's side for the

Fifteen minutes after I was standing beside the wreck again, dreading the task before me. The swell was a little stronger

easy enough to get on board. One of her anchors was down, and it was the work of everything looked as if the ship was yet at the surface pursaing her voyage. Nothing had been broken or disarranged, and pilot house loomed up before me through the green water, a proof that the ship had not fought against a storm.

I knew what I should find up there. One corpse, perhaps two, would be floating about, bumping against the roof as the vessel yielded to the strength of the swells. But I went round to the step, pulled open the door, gave one look inside and then I fell back and hastened away. Both steersmen were at the wheel, both standing upright, grasping at the spokes, and one of them had looked at me with his great glass eyes and nodded his head! Alive? Poold! It was childish of me to feel afraid of the dead when I had searched out so many! After a moment I reached the step again, hesitated and then mounted up beside the dead steersmen. Brave men! they must have felt the shock, heard the shouts and wails of the crew and passengers, felt the ship go-ing down to her dark grave; but they clung to their post. Both hands grasping the spokes, they stood as if alive, their heads them out, though I dreaded to touch their

Bracing myself. I seized the first one jerked at him, and finally his fingers left the spokes and I had the body in my arms. ing it out through the door I saw it whirl about two or three times and then slowly ascend. The other would not leave the wheel until I had unclasped his fingers one by one, and then his long arms swayed about as if seeking to grasp me. When he had been sent after the others I felt easier, and had not so much dread to meet the sights which were to come. I knew that the cabin would be full of passengers; that the dead occupied the staterooms; that I should find them down on the main deck, and so I avoided those places, and made my way round to the office. The door was shut, and I halted a moment and read the little gold sign over it. I knew the stevelore would be in there, and seized the knob and slowly opened the door. The water rushed out in a volume, but

abody came. I pushed the door further n and at length walked into the room there were trunks and garments floating bout, a desk knecking against the par tion, papers and books to be seen every there; but I was looking for something ise-for the stovedore. I peered here and here through the thick water, brushed ck the papers, and was feeling a sense of lef, when I felt something seize my legs. With a scream of to or I jumped back ad looked down-and the corpse was sere! Its arms wice widespread, the gas bent like books, and the face bore expression of agreey which made my shereep. I reached down, saized a foot, ad soon rid muself of the unwelcom esence. Then I carefully fait about unmy foot struck the fron saie, and I tacd it by the handle. I could not have loved it except down there, where the ater gave me a great advantage. I drew to the rail, heaved it over, and following down dragged it up the slope to my anchor rope. Signaling to the men above, they sent me down a weighted line, and

Whether a hundred or a thousand pounds, we had all the money, at any rate. As I stood with my hand on the cable. ready to go up, some one toucked me on the shoulder. Turning quickly around I screamed out at the sight. Two of the to find their deck hands were standing close beside ma. Wide Awake.

irectly the safe went up out of sight.

not standing but rising, and tailing, some-times being above me, and then sinking until their watersoaked boots touched the clay. Their arms sway ad about, as if strik-ing at me, their heads nodded and swayed, and through their parted lips I caught the gleam of white teeth bard shat.

I recovered from my fright in a moment; but the company was disagreeable, and I clambered up the cable as fast as possible. The bodies followed me part of the way up and then sank down again. I had been down a long time, and but for the job before me should have gone to the surface for rest. I did not wish to come down again, and believed that a few minutes

would finish my work.

I now determined to go up. There wer the pantry, the rooms of the officers and the kitchen yet to visit, all doubtless containing the dead; but the pumps were not giving me air enough and I was tired out. opened the pantry (our as I passed, but saw no one. Walking aft, I swung myself over the rail, hung a moment and then dropped down. As I found my feet an arm was passed around my neck and a corpse settled on my shoulders. I strug-gled to shake off the burden and another corpse confronted me, its glassy eyes at my helmet window. I threw out my arm and my hand rested on the head of a woman whose fingers caught at my glove as if to

I crept close to the screw, not afraid but annoyed, and in a moment I could count twenty corpses. All were floating in up-right positions, all evaying their arms and all looking at me with their big eyes. I knew that some carrent had drawn them there and that they were harmless; but I dreaded to move out, knowing that my "wake" would draw them. The dead stood on all sides, as if an audience assembled to hear me speak. If I pushed one back he took his place again or rose up and grasped STANDARD, his bony fingers at my head.

But I moved at last. I pushed away those in my path and had just left the vessel when right in front of me came the negro cook, a huge fellow, in his shirt sleeves and having in his right hand a large earving knife. He gave me a fearful shock as he seemed to dispute my progress and I dreaded his knife. As I tried to move him away he struck at me and tried to fling the other arm around my neck! The others came to help him. They grasped at my legs; they clutched at my arms; they set-tled down on my shoulders, and I shricked for help! I struck at them: I pushed them away, and I jerked savagely at the floating wanted to hold me down there!

Running up the slope they all came after me, the negro first of all. I fought him back as I clutched the anchor rope and gave the signal; but they pushed him at me again, and he felt over my face and at

I remembered the knife and pulled it out. He was grasping at me, and I stabled him again and again in my frenzy! The men hauled at the rope and I went up, but the dead followed, drawn by the eddy. The negro came faster than the rest and his white eyes glared through the glass! 1 kicked him and he clutched my feet: I stabled him and he grasped at the knifel As I reached the surface he shot high above it, flourished his arms and then fell and floated with the score of others, one hand raised high out of the water and the knife glittering in the sun

I would not go down again; the other divers refused, and we left the Wave to rock with the swells. A year later other diver. What he found down there no one will ever know. Something pricked through his hose, and he was drawn up a corpse.-New York World.

The Process of Cremation at Milan.

Science says that two systems of cremathan before, as there was a fresh morning breeze above, and I could hear a cracking and groaning of machinery as the screw swayed this way and that. The pile of a number of jets of gas which cust their a number of jets of gas which cast their freight had been added to and several heat upon the furnace from all sides. other bottom planks were just ready to When wood and charcoal are employed, as stated in The Medical Record, about six Passing around the freight I reached hundred pounds of wood and one of charthe bow of the Wave, and then it was coul are found necessary, and the process lasts two hours. When gas is used all that is consumable in the body is burned up in less than fifty minutes. The body still cor may in ordinary cases be introduced into the furnace with or without the coffin, but if death has been caused by some infectious disease the coffin and body must be burned

together. burned into powder) are taken up with ried in which he lived, are beginning ited in an urn for retention in the cinera-

Statistics of Lightning Strokes. The statistics of lightning strokes in Gorcases has been more than doubled in that time. Last year there were no fewer than 1,145 strokes. These are more frequent in the bottest months of the year, June and July, and in the hottest hours of the day of those following them (from 3 to 4 p. m.). It appears that thunder storms proceed from the hills, and the parts of their course most liable to be struck are woodless and flat places, valleys of rivers and low mea-dows near lakes, while wooded and hilly districts generally escape. This last de-duction is hardly in accordance with our

One and a half cups of butter, three cups of sugar, one cup of milk, five cups of flour, two cups of hickory nut meats, six eggs beaten separately, and three tea-spoonfuls of baking powder. A cake that

Mrs. W. C. Whitney, wife of the ex-sec retary of the navy, has a very fine diamond necklace and other handsome jewels. Her collection is valued at \$100,000

will please the young folks.

He Guessed It.

"I'll give you a riddle, Bobby," said his sister's company, trying to make friends with her little brother. "Its name com-mences with A, it has great, big long ears and a deep voice and," lifting him to his knee, "you can ride on it. Now, what is

"Why, it's you, Mr. Allbones!"-Philadelphia Times.

An Adventurous Bush. There was noticed one summer in Con-

cord, N. H., an odd appearance in the topmost branches of a tree believed to be 125 years old, and the observers could hardly believe their eyes. But when an adven-turous marine climbed up the eld giant he found that the sight had not been deceiv ed; a current bush was growing contented up there, and clusters of ripe fruit were hanging from the stems as if it were the natural thing for current bushes to grow in the tops of century-old trees. It is supyears in the little clefts, and that the seeds of the current had been brought by birds, to find their home in the guthered soil -

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I. O. O. F.

Membership in New England-The Age of Temple Building-Notes. Nowhere in the world is the average subersulp for lodges so large as in the New England states, and of the six jurisdictions whose average membership ex-ceeds 100 per lodge, five are comprised withthe limit of that territory. Massachu-etts lends with an average of 195, Connecti-ut has 178, Maine 132, New Hampshire 140, Rhode Island 127, District of Colum-From that point the number de creases to twenty-five, which honor belongs Arkansas. Considering the total membership of the jurisdictions named, New Hampshire stands second in the list of

average membership. The age of temple building among the rders seems to have arrived. Buffalo is now agitating the question of an Odd Fellows' temple. The lodges are appoint ng delegates to attend a meeting to con sider ways and means, with good prospects of bringing the plan to a successful issue. Since 1861 no lodge in New Hampshire has given up its charter or given up its or ganization, and none is likely to for many

A lodge in Philadelphia recently pre sented seventeen of its members with vet-eran jewels for continuous membership

of over twenty-live years. The annual meeting of the Connecticut grand encampment, I. O. O. F., was held in New Haven. Grand Scribe Frederick Botsford in his report for the year ending July 1, 1800, presented the following statist ics: Number of encompments, 23; membership on July 1, 3,072, a net gain of 82; initiations during the year, 226; suspenfunds on July 1, \$27,787,17, a net gain of \$1,073,05; total receipts during the year, \$12,068.28; paid for relief of members, \$4,611; expenses for the year, \$5,114.29.

Illini lodge, No. 4, of Jacksonville, Ills. state and reports 300 members.

Fashionable dressmakers note a growing gether.

The weight of the remains after crema- Watteau model. "Watteau fronts" and tion, in the form of bones and dust, is "Wattenn backs" they are called, and about four pounds. They are in color pure even the brilliant combinations of colors white, tinged here and there with a deli- with which the famous French painter de cate pink; and it is a rule never to touch lighted to cover such of his converses as them with the hand. The bones and ves-tiges of bones (which are for the most part ings and fetes champetres of the gay pesilver tongs, while the ashes are removed creep into the house dresses of the belies of from the furnace with a silver shovel, to this day. Until quite recently it is doubtbe placed on a silver dish, and then depos- ful if more than one in three or four of the society women of the castern metropolis rium. The cost of cremation is \$5 to a who have talked glibly with their modistes member of the Society for Extending Cre- about this "Watteau front" or that "Wat mation in Italy, or \$10 in the case of non-teast back" had more than the vaguest no Agnes Huntington came over here with her ones with "Paul Jones" she brought many during the past twenty-six years with her also a lesson in Watteau costumes have been investigated by Herr Kastner, and colors. The brightest stage picture in who shows that the annual number of the opera is the dance of Watteau boys and girls, and upon the latter the belies in boxes fixed their gaze and comprehen what it was they were striving for in their own adornment. They also learned that until now only the brilliant creatures of the poot-painter's fancy have worn Wat-wau costumes in every day life.

> "Did you know that Miss Biones was going to marry young Smith! "I know it; but I cannot understand how a girl as totelligent as ahe is can con sent to marry a man stupid enough to want to marry her."-Life.

Equally Solicitons. "I wish you would say in your paper tomorrow morning," said the caller anxious-"that the Smykes that was run in last night for cook fighting is not the Smykes that acts as floor manager at Spotcash &

"Boys," said Mr. Smykes, the cock fight er, as he paid his fine and turned cageri to the reporters present, "in writin' up this scrape don't mix me up with that taller haired, floor walkin' dude at old Spotensh's place down town."-Chicago Tribune.

The Baby's

Health often gives fond parents very great anxiety and care. S. S. S., is the popular remedy for children. It is safe, palatable and does the work. David Zartman, of Independence, O., says: "S. S. S. CURRD MY

RABY OF THE WORST CASE OF CATARRILI EVER SAW A CHILD WITH THE NASAL DISCHARGE WAS VERY LARGE AND OFFENSIVE, S. S. S. MADE A PERMA

Seeks on Blood and Skin diseases free THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.

Insurance Man-I don't know whether to pay this policy or not. Young Lawyer-What is the difficulty? I. M .- The only proof of death I have re ceived is a letter from the man himself saving that he died ten days ago. Y. L. (impressively)—H'm. That does seem suspicious. What was the deceased's

Testing the Young Lawyer.

A Financial Scheme.

reputation for veracity?-New York Her-

"Papa, give me a dollar?"
"Wint for?"

"Oh, jast to own." "All right, Johnny. You can own this dollar I have in my pocket, but I'll play I'm a trust company and keep it for you." -Harper's Bazar.

A Pleasant Greeting.

Back in "the forties" there was an anione lawyer in Chicage of the name of Pailas Phelps-a name both classical and Yankee. He was a nondescript of the profession, who though he eften appeared in cours never had an office-at least no on ever knew where his office was. One day when the unpaved streets were in a me than commonly filthy state Judge Bucter field and Pallas Phelps met on a narrow street crossing. "Good morning, Brother Phelps," said the judge. "You haven't swept your office this morning!"—San

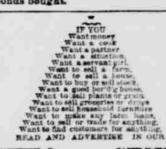
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